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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

The Queen of May.

Where the quivering sunbeam glances
Thro' green daisies and mossy glades,
Where the breeze so gayly dances
In among the cooling shades,
Happy children laugh and play,
Clustered round their Queen of May.

On the young grass, fresh and tender,
Violets blooming at her feet,
They form so still and slender,
Tiny face so fair and sweet;
Pure and plain her snowy dress,
Rare her childlike loveliness.

Drooping wreaths of rosy blossoms
Touch the cheek more pink than they;
Dimpled gems of creamy blossoms
Hath the maiden Queen of May;
In her hand for sceptre holding
Branch of hinds scarce yet unfolding.

Sea-blue eyes of wondrous clearness,
Clustering ringlets, chestnut-brown,—
Three years old! how bright and fearless!
Well she merits such a crown.
Pleased, yet shy, she smiles to me,
Quaint her baby dignity.

In love only would she school us,
Worthy of a May-day reign;
With a flowery rod she'd rule us,
Bind us with a flowery chain;
Still, so strong her sweet spells be,
From her feet we cannot flee.

Yet, my Queen, none reign forever;
Quickly speed our sunniest hours;
Would no weight might press thy forehead
Heavier than thy wreath of flowers.
Taste thy joys while yet they stay,
O beloved Queen of May!

—Elsie Goodale.

STORY TELLER.

OUR SPARE ROOM.

For some time after we had been married we lived at Finchley.

Finchley is not a particularly interesting place in itself. It is not town; neither by the utmost stretch of imagination could it be called country. It is exceedingly difficult to get to the city—where I go every day—from there; or to get anywhere else, for the matter of that. But I think our chief reason for going to live there was that we had the chance of taking a house that had been built by a friend of mine for his own occupation, who found after it was finished that he would have to live abroad for two or three years. Houses that people build for themselves are always so much nicer than those they build for other people. So we at once decided to take it, and ever since have been trying to get away from it.

We both wanted to live in town, in London proper. I want my club handy, and Margaret wanted the bonnet-shops. Choosing a new house is a weighty and important matter, and we braced our minds before hand by many conversations on the subject, and at last began seriously to house-hunt.

We looked at a good many "desirable residences" in the regions of South Kensington and Bayswater, and saw a few that we liked a pretty well, and a large number that we did not like at all. A good many of the houses had just been newly and smartly done up for the season—it was the month of February when we began our search—with an evident view of attracting the public. But although they were magnificent with paint, paper, whitewash, and Jacobean mantelpieces, we frequently found that they were deficient in the less apparent details of drainage, cisterns, and boilers, with which unimportant trifles the landlord had evidently considered it not worth while to busy himself.

Some houses, on the other hand, were not "done up" in any way, but were dark, dirty, and cobwebby, and haunted by cadaverous caretakers. It was useless to try and investigate any of this species, as Margaret refused to go any further than the drawing-room floor, and would not entertain the idea of them for single instant. "First impressions are everything," she would remark emphatically when I tried to convince her that painting and papering were not yet lost arts, and that the caretaker would not, of necessity, form part of our establishment.

Our house-hunting was, therefore, a long business, and we made quite a picnic of it, Margaret declared, for we frequently retired to a confectioner's for afternoon tea, instead of going back to Finchley for that meal, which was always a great point with Margaret. She would not have thought the day complete without it. So as the afternoon at the end of February are long and light, we frequently walked about looking at houses till nearly six o'clock.

One evening as we were sitting together in my smoking-room after

dinner talking, as we usually did, about my prospective new house, Margaret seemed suddenly to be struck with an idea. "Charley," she said, leaning forward in her chair and placing her pretty little forefinger on her pointed chin as she spoke, "there is one thing that our new house must not have, and that thing is a spare room."

"No spare room?" I cried nearly dropping the end of my cigar in my surprise. "Why, where shall we keep all our boxes, my dear; and your sewing-machine, which you never use; and—"

"I mean spare bedroom," interrupted Margaret reprovingly. "And I wish you wouldn't say 'my dear,' it makes me feel so old."

"Old!" I said, astonished and mystified.

"Yes," returned Margaret. "Mr. Whitelock calls his wife 'My dear,' and they are both over seventy!"

This argument was unanswerable. I did not attempt to refute it.

"Well, then," I continued, "My—my love!" ("Ah! that's better," said my wife), "would you mind explaining to me your objections to that time-honored institution, a guest chamber? Are you afraid of a ghost taking up its quarters with us?"

"No," answered Margaret, still keeping her finger on her chin and regarding me with a fixed and steadfast gaze. She had not even blanched when I alluded to the sewing-machine. "But in London, he who keeps a spare room keeps a hotel."

It was too true. I dropped the end of my cigar into the grate outright, while visions of Aunt Georgina from Leamington, "just running up from Saturday till Monday," with her maid, her asthmatic pug, and her array of imperials, coursed through my brain.

Aunt Georgina—she was Margaret's aunt, not mine—had frequently performed this athletic feat since our marriage, and she had soon found out that her "Saturday till Monday" was not by any means the same as that period of time recorded in the almanacs. It was sometimes a week, but more often ten days, and it had been known to extend itself to a month. I do not think we either of us absolutely disliked Aunt Georgina. In fact, if any one had asked us *what* we particularly objected to in her, we should have been somewhat puzzled to reply; but she was like a rich plum pudding—a little of her went a long way.

They say that everything comes to those who wait. Still more does everything come to those who search long and diligently enough, and in due time our house was found. It was in every way satisfactory. It had been freshly done up with paint, paper, and the newest things in mantelpieces and dados, and a proper attention had been paid to such things as drainage, gas-pipes and boilers. It was in the Bayswater direction; it was close to an omnibus route; it was only a shilling cab fare distance to my club, and there was a very tolerable bonnet-shop not far off. In fact, Margaret said that by putting her head out of the bath-room window, and craning her neck only a very little, she could just catch a glimpse of it.

But in this world of ours, unfortunately, there is no rose without a thorn; no supreme good without some drawback. Our house had a spare room.

To be sure, as Margaret observed when we talked this over after quite settling upon the house, we might have known that we *must* have a spare room, as there were only our two selves, the servants, and a very limited assortment of boxes and trunks to stow away. "And you know you wouldn't like to live in a *very* small house, Charley," she added, "even if we could have found one in this part of London."

I assented to this. "Anyway," continued my wife, "I shall not furnish the room as a bedroom."

"Well, that was the original idea," I replied.

At last we were settled in our new house. I will not attempt to describe our removal and subsequent establishing of ourselves and our furniture. It was not pleasant to go through the experience, and it is not pleasant to recall it. I think Margaret and I came as near having a quarrel as we ever did in our lives—at that time. It all floats through my mind as I think of it. "A confused dream of bedsteads and sideboards in the drawing-room, wardrobes in the dining-room, Dresden china and mirrors in

the kitchen, Maple's men and strange cats everywhere, tinned-beef dinners, and a general all-pervading atmosphere of straw."

But at last it was all over, and Margaret triumphantly declared that the house looked as if we had lived in it for years. I thought it rather a dubious compliment, but I did not tell her so.

One morning, as we were sitting at breakfast, a letter was brought in and handed to my wife. "The postman is late this morning," she said, as she took it. I said nothing; I had caught a glimpse of the handwriting and a huge golden monogram on the envelope. It was from Aunt Georgina.

I laid down my knife and fork and looked blankly across the table at Margaret, who looked blanker still. She had just spread a piece of toast with marmalade—although she was in the middle of eating an egg—in sheer desperation and self-abandonment.

"I can't read it," she said presently, tossing the letter across to me. "It looks as if she had written it with her left hand and her eyes shut." I deciphered its contents with some difficulty, and then read it aloud to Margaret. It runs as follows:

My DEAR MARGIE ("I wish she wouldn't call you Maggie," I said). So I hear you are established in a new town house. I think of running up next Saturday till Monday, just for change of air for myself and Boulotte (Boulotte was her pug, and to have a peep at the fashions. May I occupy your spare room? Of course you have a spare room. I know the delightful plan of all London houses. All news when we meet. Your affectionate AUNT GEORGINA.

To-day was Monday; she had not given us a long notice of her coming.

"To think of her trying to make us believe that she is really only coming from Saturday to Monday," said Margaret scornfully. "I don't quite see how she could 'peep at the fashions' between Saturday afternoon and Monday morning, unless she means she is going to study the bonnets in church."

"Well," I said, dividing my morning paper into two, and giving Margaret the part with the births, deaths, and marriages, which she always likes to see; "it is awkward her wishing to come to us just as we have decided not to have a spare room, but we can easily write and say we haven't one."

"No," said Margaret, shaking her head sagely, "that would never do. In the first place, she would be much offended, and she mustn't be offended, for you know, Charles, I have some expectations from her—though it is not much." That was very true. "Then," she continued, "our not having her to stay in this house will not prevent her coming up to town. She will come all the same, and stay at a hotel. She will walk in upon us directly she arrives—Saturday afternoon, very probably. She will, of course, expect to be shown all over the house; and it will strike her as rather peculiar why we have left our large front bedroom on the third floor empty. You know the horrid way she always notices everything. She will bear down upon me with an avalanche of questions, and probably get everything out of me before I know where I am. No! What we must do is to turn that room into some other kind of room—not a bedroom," she concluded somewhat vaguely.

It was time for me to go to the city, so we did not discuss the matter any more just then.

As I have said, this was Monday, and by Wednesday evening we had not come to any decision about our spare room. But Margaret had written a polite though, I am afraid, rather hypocritical note to Aunt Georgina, saying that unfortunately we possessed no spare bedroom, and entreating her to take up her quarters at the Paddington Hotel, and give us as much of her society as was possible.

On Wednesday evening we began seriously to discuss our spare room; time was getting short. Margaret could suggest nothing but a picture-gallery or a private chapel; but as we had no pictures worth speaking of, and there was a church in the next street, the suggestion could hardly be called a good one; and my idea of turning the room into a kitchen—as the sanitary-dwelling folk tell one that the kitchen should always be at the top of the house—was received by Margaret with scorn and contempt.

"Fancy one's dinner coming down to one, instead of up," she said; "how dreadful it would be. I'm sure I should never be able to eat a morsel."

"I don't quite see the objection," I replied mildly, "unless you think it would be a 'come-down'; and, in

any case, your dinner must go down when you eat it, you know."

Margaret took no notice of this remark. It is always a point of honor with her not to see any of my jokes when they are at her expense. She did not even smile.

"It would be horrible," she went on. "I should feel that the next thing would be, I should have to wear divided skirts and stockings with toes to them."

"I thought stockings always had toes," I said, but Margaret vouchsafed me no reply, not condescending to inform me that she referred to Dr. Jaeger's new system, where the toes of the stockings are separated like the fingers in a glove.

The next day, as I was sitting in my office, a brilliant idea, suddenly rushed post-haste into my mind. It was so brilliant, and also I left that the time was getting on so fast, that I decided to go home at once and communicate it to Margaret. I was rather proud of it, for as a rule I do not have so many brilliant ideas as she has. Therefore I as once left the office, although it was only half-past three; and hailing the first respectable-looking hansom that I could see, drove rapidly home.

I dashed up stairs into the drawing-room, where Margaret was sitting.

"Oh, Charley!" she cried; "how you startled me. I was altering a dress, and I thought you were a caller." And she pulled out her paraphernalia from under the sofa, where she had hastily huddled it.

"Margaret," I cried, "I have an idea!"

"What?" she said, and looked as astonished as if I had said I had got a megalosaurus in my pocket.

"I have an idea about the spare room," I gasped; for I was very much out of breath with my rapid ascent of the stairs. "We will—make it—into—a billiard-room." And I sank into an arm-chair. "Get on your hat and we will go out and order a billiard table at once."

"A billiard-room! Of course! The very thing!" ejaculated my wife. "Why didn't we, either of us, think of such a simple thing?" I was not quite so sure about the simplicity of it—as regarded the cost, at any rate.

When Margaret had got her hat and I had recovered my breath, we sallied forth, my wife perpetually wondering all the way into Oxford Street why we had not thought of such a simple thing before. "Besides," she said, "only think of the cheapness of furnishing a billiard-room. Why, you absolutely want nothing except the table and a few seats."

"A carpet, though, would rather improve the appearance of the room, would it not?" I ventured to put in.

"Well, yes; but a carpet is not furniture."

I was silent, but I did not feel so thoroughly convinced of the cheapness of the arrangement. The cost was certainly the least brilliant part of my idea, I could not help thinking.

Before we went home to tea that afternoon, we had ordered a square of Turkey carpet, a capital second-hand full-sized billiard-table and a few leather-covered seats to put round the room. The carpet was to be made a fixture the next day; there was no difficulty about that part of the business; but the table and seats could not be sent till Saturday morning.

It was running things very close. Suppose Aunt Georgina and the billiard-table were to make their entry into the house at the same time? We were not a stone's throw from the Great Western Hotel, and she was sure to come round directly she arrived—she was one of those people who *must* air their tongues.

But no! On second thoughts, such horrible recontre would be unlikely. Saturday is only a half-day, and the men would be sure to want to get their work over early. It was also extremely improbable that Aunt Georgina would arrive before the afternoon. Still, in spite of all this, we both felt a little nervous, and we talked a good deal about it during dinner, and afterwards when we retired to my little of a snuggerly of a smoking-room, opposite the dining-room.

About nine o'clock we heard the postman's knock, and Margaret flew to get the letters. She brought back a post card from Aunt Georgina, and we nearly tore it in two with both trying to read it at the same time—though there was not much to read. "I shall arrive to-morrow morning at the G. W. Hotel, and shall look in

upon you some time in the afternoon," was all the information it gave us.

I drew a long breath of relief.

"By Jove! What a blessing!" I said. "By the time she arrives here, our spare room will be a full-fledged, business-like looking billiard-room, and she will suspect nothing."

I am sure we both slept better that night than we had all that week.

Directly breakfast was over the next morning, we began to expect our men. I had taken a whole holiday—or I should say a half one, as I always came home early on Saturdays—in the honor of the billiard-table and Aunt Georgina. When ten o'clock struck, Margaret affirmed it as her opinion that the men were not coming at all. I tried to dissuade her of this idea. But when eleven and twelve had struck and still there were no signs of them, I began to be alarmed myself, and Margaret walking up and down between the back and front drawing-rooms like a bear in a cage or a tragedy actress rehearsing her scene.

I had just gone to my study for a newspaper, when, half way down the stairs, I heard a shriek from Margaret.

I hurried back at once. She was standing by the window. "Come! Come! Was all that she could say."

"What is it?" I cried, rushing to the window. "The billiard table!"

Alas! it was no such vision of bliss. A four-wheeled cab had just drawn up at our door, from the window of which was seen protruding the crumpled black face of a pug and a huge nosebag of flowers.

"Perhaps it is some one come to the wrong house," I said faintly, catching at a straw. But the next moment this straw was swept away from me, as a stout, fair lady in a towering floral bonnet stepped gingerly out of the vehicle, pug in one hand, and flowers in the other. It was no optical delusion. It was Aunt Georgina.

In another minute she would be in the drawing-room. What were we to do? Margaret, however, did not lose her presence of mind even in this unlooked for and awful crisis. In all the five years of our married life I have never known it desert her.

"Now, Charley," she said emphatically, "what we have to do is to occupy her and keep her in this room till the billiard-table arrives." She looked pale, but damself, and I felt my courage rising by force of example. "Supposing the table doesn't come at all?" I could not help suggesting dismally.

"It's sure to come," she said, catching her breath; "and try not to look as if anything was the matter."

"Well, and here I am, you see!" cried a high-pitched voice. And Aunt Georgina sailed into the room, pug-dog, flowers, and all, diffusing an overpowering odor of patchouli around her. "I thought you wouldn't mind my dropping in to lunch." (What a lucky thing this isn't the Palace of Truth, I thought to myself.) "I really couldn't wait any longer to see my dear Maggie." (Here she rapturously kissed my wife.) "Besides," she added candidly, "they had nothing I could eat at the hotel; so I left Hawkins there with my luggage and came on to you straight. I've brought you some flowers out of my garden. Of course I know London florists are perfection, but after all, there's nothing like the real article."

One might have supposed from Aunt Georgina's speech that London florists were in the habit of supplying their customers with artificial blooms. We both murmured our thanks and our delight at her premature appearance, while I stooped down and patted the pug's broad back, by way of conciliating its mistress.

"Ah, isn't she a dear creature?" cried Aunt Georgina, seizing her in her arms to kiss her. "You're a beauty, aren't you, my lovey-dovey?" The lovely-dovey snorted, and wheezed so apologetically, in answer to this endearing squeeze, that it seemed as if it would never be able to get its breath again. So Aunt Georgina deposited her on a velvet-covered arm-chair, while she went round the drawing-room, with Margaret's arm locked in hers, her gold double eyeglass up, exclaiming at and admiring by turns everything she saw, while I followed in their wake, trying not to look as nervous as I felt.

Suddenly, in one of the few and distant pauses in Aunt Georgina's conversation, or rather monologue, I again heard the sound of wheels stopping at our door; very heavy wheels this time. By ill luck she was just nearing the front windows, after having made the tour of the room. At

once her gold eye-glass was up in its place.

"Why, I declare!" she exclaimed. "That huge thing looks as if it were stopping at your door. You don't mean to say you've been buying a grand piano, you extravagant children?"

It was the billiard-table!

I looked at my wife, feeling as if my heart, and, indeed, the whole of my inside, were slowly but surely sinking down into my shoes. I wished the earth would open and swallow me up. But the earth, which is seldom as complaisant as one would desire under such circumstances, refused to budge.

Margaret was clasping her hands behind Aunt Georgina's brown silk back. In another moment I felt all would be lost; when all of a sudden, in the back drawing-room, arose an unearthly howling and screeching. Margaret's Persian cat had just strolled lazily into the room, in search of a particular arm-chair which she loved, when she was roughly accosted almost on the threshold by Boulotte, who, though somewhat averse to attacking her own species, was not particularly afraid of a cat. But Mrs. Pluff, not appreciating the fun of the thing, boxed her ears soundly two or three times, and a regular scrimmage ensued.

Aunt Georgina flew to soothe her howling favorite, while the cat, who had jumped on to a neighboring cabinet, to the imminent peril of Margaret's collection of grime-rack pottery, glowered with angry green eyes at her cowardly assailant, her tail the size and consistency of a sweep's chimney-brush.

It was none too soon! As I looked out of the window, the men were just hoisting the table out of the cart. "You keep her here," Margaret whispered hurriedly to me. "I must go and look after them, and tell them not to tread heavily." And she vanished from the room.

It is not too much to say at this moment I was fairly terrified. If I failed, I was responsible to Margaret. I felt a violent desire to seize Aunt Georgina by the arm, and march her up and down the room, as they do a person who has swallowed a narcotic poison. A minute more, and the men's feet were distinctly audible tramping past the drawing-room door. If my wife had told them not to tread heavily, they were certainly not obeying her injunctions.

"Dear me!" said Aunt Georgina, putting up her eye-glass as if it enabled her to hear better. "You don't mean to say that you have workmen in the house?"

"I think it is some men coming to look at the pipes," I replied. Pipes seem usually the things that workmen come to a house to look at, so I felt it was a safe thing to say, though not strictly true.

But Aunt Georgina seemed bent on investigating things for herself. In fact, her hand was already on the door, while a thrill of horror shot through me, when, fortunately, the door itself arrested her attention. Margaret, who is an adept of painting—on anything but paper (that is to say, she paints on wood, china, terracotta, and plush; but paper she says she can never manage)—had spent some weeks in decorating the drawing-room doors, and the result was eminently charming.

"It's very well done, indeed—very well done," she said, peering through her glasses at my wife's artistic productions. "Those fox-gloves seem growing up quite naturally out of the ground. By the way, where is Maggie gone to?" she exclaimed the next moment, sinking down on to a sofa which stood near.

"I—I think she has gone to look after the luncheon," I stammered. "You see, we are young housekeepers even yet." And I smiled a deathly smile. I caught a reflection of myself in the mirror opposite, and it seemed to me that I had absolutely aged since I had got up that morning. "My hair will be white soon," I thought, "if this sort of thing goes on much longer."

"Dear me!" said Aunt Georgina, suddenly starting up from her seat, and dropping the eye-glasses through which she had been steadfastly regarding me for some time. "While Maggie is busy, why should you not show me all over the house? It will be a capital opportunity, and the stairs will give an appetite for luncheon."

I groaned inwardly. I had been dreading that she would make this request all along.

"I—I'm afraid there's nothing to see," I stammered lamely.

"Nothing to see?" echoed Aunt Georgina. "I conclude, if there is nothing worth seeing in the rooms, there are the rooms themselves? Are you afraid of its taking too long? I should think if, as you say, you do not possess a single spare room to offer a visitor, that is not likely."

This was said rather stingingly, and I felt that it required a decided answer of some kind. Another crisis had come. I screwed up my courage to the sticking point; though like Macbeth, I felt that I was nothing without my wife.

"To tell you the truth, aunt," I began, in desperation. "I am afraid Margaret would not at all like my showing you over the house without her. Indeed, I am sure she would be awfully disappointed. She has been talking about your coming all the week. I went on, warning with my theme; and looking forward to taking you all over the house, and showing you the new furniture herself, and would be awfully cut up, I'm sure, if I were to play cicerone without her."

I felt my own man again after thus asserting myself, and Aunt Georgina at once looked mollified. It was a happy thought of mine.

I had still another *mauvais quart d'heure* before Margaret made her appearance, during which I industriously plied my charge with photograph albums and books of prints. As for the billiard-table men, I thought they must have taken their departure up the chimney, for I heard no more of them on the stairs.

Words fail me to express how delighted I was when the dear girl came back to relieve guard. I don't think she had ever made me so happy since the day she said she would be my wife. The luncheon bell rang very soon after, and as we were going down stairs she managed to whisper to me, while Aunt Georgina was attending to her pug, that the table was all right, but the seats had not come.

"So I took the large arm-chair out of your dressing-room and one or two others to put against the walls, and the room looks all right and finished off."

They've fixed the rack up, too, and it looks lovely. I made the men take off their shoes before they went down again. I told them there was some one ill in the house."

"Margaret!" I said reprovingly. "It's all right," she replied; "cook's got the toothache. There's no deception."

Our ordeal was over, and we were safe. We had a more delightful luncheon. Aunt Georgina, who always enjoys her food, thoroughly appreciated it, and I opened a bottle of my best champagne in her honor. She was in high good humor, and when afterwards we escorted her in triumph over our house, she did not turn up her nose at a single thing, not even at Margaret's many colored early-English bedroom candlesticks, which I own I can never behold without a shudder.

Her one disparaging remark was made when, just as she was leaving the house, she turned round to my wife, who was standing in the hall, and said:

"Your house is absolutely perfection; the only drawback to it is, that you have no spare room."—Argosy.

How to Have White Hands.

A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash your hands with, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the skin clean and soft. A little oatmeal mixed with the water will whiten on the hands. Many people use glycerine on their hands when they go to bed, wearing their gloves to keep the bedding clean; but glycerine does not agree with every one. It makes some skins harsh and red. Those people should rub their hands with dry oatmeal and wear gloves in bed. A good preparation for the hands at night is white of egg, barley flour, and honey. They say it was used by the Romans in olden times. It is a first rate thing, but it does not do the work any better than oatmeal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time by doctoring them a little at bed time; and all the tools you need are a nail brush a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax, and a little fine, white sand to rub the stains off, or a out of a lemon, which will do even better, for the acid of the lemon will clean anything.—Popular Science Monthly.

A man sometimes loses his balance on an orange peeling and sometimes he loses it in a savings bank.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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It appears that no one is very anxious to change the date of the convention to be held in Washington next year, at least, the silence on the question points in that direction. Now from our stand point, this is a matter of serious importance. The gathering will undoubtedly be a very large one, and its work will be of vast value to deaf-mutes of a class. It would be wise to attract the attention of great public men of all States in the Union, because they can be of much service to us and our educational institutions. To meet in August will surely cause discomfort, if nothing else, and will probably rob the occasion of a great deal of the public attention which it is certain to merit. We would be glad to hear from some of the prominent members of the National Association in reference to this proposal to change the time of meeting. It does not signify whether they are for or against the change. All we want is the sentiment of those who are interested in the forthcoming convention.

Our readers will find in this issue a "reading notice" of a projected "mass meeting" which will assemble in Lyric Hall in this city. As we take it, the object is to debate the wisdom of the decision of the Committee which recently met in Washington to award the contract for the Gallaudet Memorial. The deaf-mutes, unquestionably, have the right to criticize the public work of what may be called a public commission, but it is difficult to see what will be gained, whatever may be the result of the meeting. As we are interested in all public matters relating to deaf-mutes, it is our purpose to be present to lend our aid to any good suggestions and to combat what we may believe to be bad ones. The deaf-mutes of this city are, as a rule, intelligent and fair-minded, and we hope they will be governed solely by reason, and not by sentimentalism and prejudice. We hope the discussions will be infused with a broad and intelligent conception of the matter with which they are to deal, and that the debaters will adapt themselves to the standpoint of the large majority of deaf-mutes, and not be animated entirely by individual dislikes and personal preferences.

Training for the Deaf and Dumb.

The sixty-ninth anniversary of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb was celebrated yesterday. The life members elected the following directors to serve for three years: Morris K. Jeap, Thatcher M. Adams, George A. Robbins, George F. Betts, William M. Hallett, James O. Sheldon, Edward M. Townsend and Walter H. Lewis. Edgar S. Anselmi was elected to serve until May, 1889, in place of the dead president, Erasmus Brooks. After the business meeting the pupils went through a series of exercises in the chapel. The principal, Dr. Isaac Lewis Peck, presided, and a large number of visitors looked on with great interest, while the method of instruction was illustrated by boys and girls ranging from a tiny tot, who has been but a few months under training to young women of more than ordinary education and young men about to go into the world with trades at their finger-ends.

The development of the artistic and technical sides of the course of instruction was exemplified by a display which for variety and excellence would compare favorably with more pretentious exhibitions. Two of the pupils are blind as well as deaf and dumb. Untrained they were utterly helpless and utterly isolated; but the skilled instruction of the institution has enabled them to communicate with any one by the aid of the type-writer and other methods. Professor E. Henry Carrier, of the department of articulation, has perfected an instrument by which at least sixteen per cent of the so-called deaf can be made to hear. Frequently cases which seem absolutely hopeless can be reached by his invention.—New York Tribune, May 18.

ITEMIZER. COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The New Magazine.

BASE BALL.

Minor Mention.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

"Imperator" returned home last Sunday, after a pleasant visit among friends in Penn Station.

Joseph H. Hoeko, of Richmond, Va., will start for Buffalo, N. Y., the 7th of June. He wants to see his old schoolmates and playmates there.

R. Newton Parsons is keeping books for his cousin's husband, Mr. H. E. Hamilton, in a store in Hazardville, Ct., four miles east of Thompsonville, Ct.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie Hoopes expect to attend the picnic of deaf-mutes, on the 24th of July, at Miller City Park, Reading, Pa., if nothing prevents.

Mrs. Moses I. Aronson and child, of San Francisco, came last evening, and are the guest of Mrs. Jas. C. Harlan.—Woodland, Cal., Democrat, May 19.

Dock Stephens, a farmer, of Red Stone, Pa., visited Geo. W. England, of Albany, Pa., a few Sundays ago. While there he met Miss Mary Maxon, a young lady who can hear.

Mrs. Peter Witschiet, of Port Jervis, N. Y., is in this city on a visit. Accompanied by her husband and Mrs. S. M. Brown, she climbed to near the top of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, on Thursday, May 19th.

Mrs. James Lewis, of New York City, contemplates a visit to friends in Central and Western New York. On her return, she expects to be the guest of Miss Katie Howard, of St. Cloud, N. J.

Mrs. A. E. Williamson, of Gravesend, L. I., who graduated at the old 56th Street Institution about thirty-five years ago, is not expected to live more than a week. She has a cancer, or tumor, in the stomach.

It is understood that the mute residents, accompanied by their friends, will have an excursion to the wild beauty of Idlewild early in July, where they expect to spend a great portion of their time in picnicking, fishing, dancing, promenading, etc.

Walter McWhorter beats them all fishing. He never fails taking them in. He catches so many that he has to sell them or give them to his friends. Friday he caught a cat-fish weighing over four pounds and in the evening he caught a four legged cat on land.—Brookville, Ind., American.

Miss Carrie Bischof is still at her home in North Fourth street, Terre Haute, Ind. She will be at home all summer. Her sister Dora expects to go to Lake Marinkakee soon on a visit. Her brother Louis presented a fine horse and a beautiful phaeton to their sister, Mrs. Eli Kahn, of Crawfordsville, Ind.

The Carnegie Club, of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, have sent a challenge to the former pupils of Pittsburgh to play a match game with them, which the latter accepted. The game will come off in the Institution grounds Saturday afternoon, May 28th. The Carnegie Club is under the captaincy of Mr. Nauglin, while the Pittsburgh Club is under Captain Humphrey.

Frank Widaman, of the Irwin Standard office, expects, if nothing prevents, to go to the famous Gas City next Saturday evening, with a view to attending the debating society, and after the debate is over, he will remain there until Decoration Day, when he will witness the base ball game between the "Allies" and the "Quaker City" club. The game finished, he will stop at Wilkinsburg to visit the mute school while on his return home. He says that he will not doubt enjoy an immense time. He is steadily working in the Irwin Standard, and is getting along finely as ever.

J. F. J. Treesh, artist of the New York World, was sent to Sandy Hook with a World reporter by their City Editor to make sketches of the collision of the Britannic and Celtic, both of the White Star Line, last Tuesday. When he arrived at Horse Shoe, N. J., he walked over a mile to Sandy Hook and found out that he could not reach the Britannic, which was in the bar, to make a sketch. He came back to Horse Shoe to catch the last train, 6:17 P. M. They left train at Branchport and took dinner. Mr. Treesh had often wanted to eat American oysters. They surrounded his plate with a dozen raw oysters, each "a foot long." He learned he had to swallow it whole, so shut his eyes and gulped it down. When asked how he felt, he wrote on a piece of paper: "Just as though I had swallowed a little baby."

GUILD OF SILENT WORKERS.

The Regular Meeting of the Guild will take place on Tuesday evening May 31st, at eight o'clock. New officers will be elected. A full attendance is respectfully solicited.

ALBERT A. BARNES, Secretary.

Sudden Death of a Deaf and Dumb Boy.

Yesterday noon Governor Ormsbee of Vermont came to the city to visit officially the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb. At the time of his arrival the children were out on the playground, and as he wanted to see those from Vermont, they were sent for. While they were coming in, one little fellow, Walter White, of Bellows Falls, aged fourteen months, fell in a fit and died in about fifteen minutes. He had had fits occasionally, but yesterday noon he seemed to be in as good health as any child in the institution.—Hartford Courant, May 21.

MARRIED.

Miss Angie Fuller, the deaf-mute poet, was married to Mr. George E. Fischer, on Wednesday, May 25th, at the Nebraska Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Omaha, Neb. Mr. Fischer is a semi-mute and was at one time editor of a newspaper somewhere in New England. He is a ready writer, and has often furnished articles for the deaf-mute press.

MUTE WEDDING.

DEAR JOURNAL: Mr. Adam Miller, of Little Falls, N. Y., was united in marriage on the 18th of this month to Miss Flora M. Lyon, of Alba, Troy, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Caird, of Ida Hill, an Episcopal Minister. The friends were invited to the house of Mrs. Susan M. Lyon for a nice wedding supper. Mr. Adam Miller and his wife received many pretty presents. We hope that they will be successful in their new life. Mr. A. Miller is a mute carpenter, and is busy in building a new house this summer, at Little Falls.

Mrs. Susan M. Lyon is keeping-house alone. She is employed in the knitting mill.

In a recent letter we spoke of a discussion of the practicability of establishing a college publication which was then going on, and expressed the hope that the matter would take some definite shape, and not end mere talk as had been the case with similar projects which had been broached during the past few years. The matter having been pretty thoroughly debated in all its aspects, on Thursday, a meeting of the students was held in the Lyceum, and it was unanimously decided to publish a magazine of the same character as the Yale Courant in the fall, should it appear after due inquiry that the publication would receive sufficient support to warrant the step. Accordingly, the following Committee was selected to learn whether the magazine would be likely to prove a success, and to report immediately after the summer vacation. H. Gross, '88, H. Van Allen, '89, J. S. Long, '89, and G. Williams, '91. The Committee will probably send out a circular letter, containing a prospectus of the proposed magazine, and inquiring whether, in case its publication were attempted the recipient of the circular would be willing to subscribe. If a sufficient number signify their willingness to subscribe, the magazine will doubtless be issued next fall. In a large university like Yale, with its two thousand students, it is an easy matter for several papers and magazines to maintain a flourishing existence without much assistance from outside sources, but in a college so small as ours, the magazine will have to depend a great deal upon the interest of the alumni and friends of the college, and we are quite sure that their support will be found warm and hearty. It is hoped that every graduate of the College who looks back with pleasure to the days he spent at "old Kendall," will say a good word for the venture, and as far as lies in his power, try to aid in making it a success. With the financial outlook of the magazine assured, we are confident that the students can do the rest, and publish a magazine which will do themselves and the college credit.

The Kendalls have suffered several disappointing defeats during the past week. On Tuesday a match game was played with the Georgetown College Club. The Georgetown are a pretty heavy men and know a thing or two about baseball. At first the game was a close one, and it was not easy to foretell which side was going to win, but a series of bad fumbles and other errors by the Kendalls started the break, and the visitors began to build up their score. To make matters worse, our second baseman, Bush, in trying to put out a base runner, sprained his ankle, and a substitute took his place. At the end of the game, the score stood 7 to 14 in favor of the Georgetown. A game between the Kendalls and the High School nine had been arranged for Wednesday, but only two members of the High School Club put in their appearance. These two could not tell why the rest of the club was not on hand, but "reckoned it was because they did not want to be beaten again." The game was accordingly forfeited to the Kendalls by a score of 9 to 0. A nine was then picked from the crowd of spectators by the two High School men, and with them, in the box, the Kendalls kept them busy fielding most of the time.

On Saturday the Kendalls, although they lacked their second baseman, went to Alexandria to play a match game with the Episcopal High School nine. At first Leitner pitched, and the Kendalls took the lead, but in the seventh inning Welch took his place. Although Welch pitches a very effective ball, the catcher could not support him very well, and the home team quickly added ten runs to its score. Leitner then took the box, and the High School men were unable to score another run, but it was too late to retrieve the day, and the game was decided against the Kendalls by a score of 18 to 6. The Kendalls left Washington at noon, accompanied by quite a number of students, and got back late in the evening. The club, and the whole College regrets the bad fortune experienced during the week, but no one is disheartened. We will yet teach its opponents that we know how to play base ball.

On last Monday the spring measurements of the men were taken by the gymnasium instructor, Mr. Chickering, and there was some protest at the result. One man found that his stature had decreased considerably as compared with last fall, and he indignantly repudiates the insinuation that he is growing the wrong way. Another man, on comparing the record of his measurements for the past three years, solemnly avers that whereas the figures have increased in almost every instance, the girth of his head has grown less each year, and at the rate, in exactly ten years and three-eighths, if he remains here, he will have no head at all.

As a result of Miss Fletcher's interesting account of work among the Indians, the Epiphany Sunday School last Sunday voted twenty-five dollars for its treasury to the Carlisle Loan Fund.

This fund is intended to give assistance to deserving young Indian men just setting up in business, the amount of the loan to be repaid as soon as the circumstances of the borrower will permit. Pictures showing the appearance of some Chiricahua Apache children as they arrived at Carlisle and as they appeared after having been three months in school have been hung in the reading-room. They irresistibly remind one of the "before and after" cuts which one sees in the advertising column of newspapers, and the transformation is quite as miraculous.

Prof. Hotchkiss has so far recovered from his sickness as to be out quite often, and even to take an occasional turn around the Green on his tricycle. Every one is glad to see his familiar face in the old places again.

The plasterers are making preparations to go to work on the walls and ceilings of the new laboratory building. Notwithstanding our prediction that the building would be completed by January 1st, it is yet in an unfinished state, still lacking the finishing touches.

The past week has been an unusually warm one, so very warm indeed that even the asphalt walks were reduced to softness bordering on semi-liquidity. In one or two instances, the walks were so soft that horses could obtain but very poor foothold, and several bad falls have resulted. The swimming pool has been the mecca to which the pious student has made his daily pilgrimage. A plunge in the cool water is exceedingly refreshing these warm days.

Perhaps more than one student is to-day congratulating himself on the fact that exactly one month hence college closes.

The students are very much interested in the national drill, which is to take place in Washington during the present week, and it is hoped that they will be given a holiday to enable them to spend a day in viewing the competitions and exhibition drills.

A game will be played between the Kendalls and a nine picked from the institution employees on Decoration day. Our janitor, Colvin, is to captain the picked nine, and an interesting game is expected.

Dr. Gallaudet is in New Haven on private business.

Two brick dwellings are to be built on Seventh street just above H. M. Bryant, the Institution's carpenter, is overseeing their construction.

Prof. Fay delivered the sermon yesterday afternoon from the text "Quit ye like men."

May 22, 1887.

Philadelphia.

CELEBRATION OF THE FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS DE SALES—GENERAL NOTES.

The most eventful Sunday in the history of the Catholic Mission in this city came off on the 22d inst. In the morning, the members of the De l'Epee Association attended mass in the Cathedral Chapel in a body, the celebrant being Rev. Father Lebreton, and received Holy Communion. A very instructive sermon on "Penance" was delivered in the sign language, and was listened to with the greatest interest by all present.

It is customary for the Catholic Mission to celebrate the feast of St. Francis De Sales, its patron saint, on the 29th of January. Owing to the serious illness of Rev. Father Lebreton, the observance of the feast did not take place on the day specified, but was indefinitely postponed. The long postponement ended with the celebration of the feast yesterday evening. In the afternoon a service was held in the Mission Chapel, which consisted in the consecration of the beautiful statue of the great saint, which was very recently placed there. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Schmitz, Vice Rector of the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo. He gave a discourse on the life of the great saint, which was interpreted by Father Lebreton. The service was then concluded with the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and was very impressive.

The feast formally ended in the evening with a grand dinner held in the De l'Epee Association's meeting room. Father Lebreton acted as host, and among those present along with the officers of the De l'Epee Association, who were kindly invited, were G. S. Davidson, Editor of the Silent World, Prof. Louis Jossin, Prof. Levevre, and A. H. Buchy. Those who were invited but could not avail themselves of the opportunity of being present, were Rev. D. A. Brennan, Editor E. A. Hodgson, of the JOURNAL, Rev. Father Kleck, Rector of the Cathedral, Rev. Father Traipor, Rev. Father Schmitz, Principal Crozier, and Professors J. P. Walker, and J. D. Kirkhuff, of the Pennsylvania Institution, Rev. Henry W. Syle, and Rev. J. M. Koehler, of the Guild Mission, and ex-President Breen, of the De l'Epee Association.

The dinner was spread on an oval-shaped table, and consisted of the choicest delicacies of the season, prepared by a prominent French caterer. This most enjoyable affair ended with brief addresses by all present, who referred to the good work done by the Mission under Father Lebreton's care, and wishing it continued success.

A special meeting of the De l'Epee Association will soon be held to perfect the Arrangements for the second grand excursion to Atlantic City, which has been fixed for the 20th of July.

The pupils of Father Lebreton's Sunday School were examined in their studies yesterday afternoon. They are making such rapid progress that the Rev. Father will be compelled to give them more advanced lessons. The pupil attaining the highest average, will be the recipient of a handsome silver watch.

Secretary Fields is hard at work perfecting matters for the coming excursion.

THE LEXINGTON AVE. SCHOOL.

THE RECEPTION A GREAT SUCCESS.

The day was hot and almost sultry, but when evening approached, a cool refreshing breeze sprang up, blowing fitfully from the west against the windows of the reception rooms, and the sun was setting in a red glow like a ball of fire beyond the trees in Central Park, which stood out in bold clear relief against the ruddy sky, forming a strong prognostication of a beautiful evening. On this particular evening, Friday, the 20th inst., great preparations for the reception were being pushed on, and everything was in shape by seven o'clock. Half an hour later, the guests began to arrive, and filled into the brilliantly-lighted hall, of which the walls were partly covered by decorations loaned to the "Merry Makers" through the courtesy of Mr. Nuber, who has in possession the effects of the defunct Amateur Theatrical Club, and two great flags of our glorious republic hung from the framework under the ceiling. So the long-looked for Second Annual Reception was at hand.

The "Merry-Makers" are an out-and-out social club, composed of pupils only, but must be presided over by a former pupil, who must have been in actual business, and who has seen considerable of the world. This club is a rather peculiar one, for it is really a double club, one belonging to the boys and the other to the girls, each club being in charge of a vice-president, and in fact, each has its own officers. The clubs do not meet with each other, yet each one knows what the other club is doing, through the medium, called the Executive Committee, composed of six or seven bright members, the brains of the whole club. Both secretaries must be on the Committee in order to exchange the club's minutes for the other, and also to record its proceedings, and then carry the whole intelligence to their respective clubs. The works like machinery. The Executive Committee also controls all the affairs with almost unlimited power, and has already displayed plenty of snap, push and energy. Mr. John J. Sheehy is the chairman of the committees, and the members are Alice M. Hatch, James B. Gass, Kate Clinton, Lizzie Kempenaar, Nellie Price and Samuel Frankenheim. The club's popularity is very great, for it has on its list fifty-one members, and its value can be plainly seen for it fosters chivalrous conduct on the part of the boy members, and deepens the girls' respect for the male sex. It also strengthens their mental faculties through the management of affairs, promotes their principles concerning such as obedience to superiors and treatment towards those of the lower ranks, and encourages their sociability by giving social gatherings. There is no reason why this kind of a club should not be formed in other similar institutions. Among the club's best achievements was the formation of a dancing school of the members' own, thanks to the efforts of James B. Gass, the vice-president of the boys' club. They danced every Thursday evening, for one hour, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Boynton, and the members learned the art rapidly. Misses Clinton, Rosenthal and Austin acted as teachers, and proved themselves capable and clever. By half past eight, Simon, Hirsch and Charles Freeman of the Floor Committee, formed a line preparatory to a grand march for the guests. The former had the boldness of donning a swallow-tailed coat, though he had absolutely no hint of appendage on his face, and a compound microscope is necessary to be employed to detect anything like down, but it was very becoming to him, however. The march, led by Floor Manager Schaefer, was admirably managed. Sets of saratoga lancers were at once formed. The young gentlemen made charming bows, and the little ladies dropped coquettish courtesies, and they behaved with such exquisite politeness that it would have filled Lord Chesterfield's heart with real, profound pleasure, were he present. The writer stationed himself snugly in one corner to view the scene better. The ball, itself, reminded one of a hop in a fashionable resort hotel, and never before in all the school's existence, a more bewildering variety of dress in the yellow glare softened by the pale blue walls was exhibited here, and these prismatic effects enhanced by the presence of pretty girls aglow with spirit and health, and with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, so charming and captivating as to appeal to the imagination, and lithe, handsome young lads, whirling by. Proud parents, sitting by the walls, bestowed knowing smiles with each other on behalf of their sons and daughters, and nodded energetically in encouraging the young folks, who wished to pose as models of modesty, to show themselves to better advantage in their dances. The ball scene was indescribably enchanting.

About ten o'clock, a march was struck up, and it was led by President Samuel Frankenheim with Miss Maggie Jones, followed by the officers, according to their rank, and after several rounds, they went down stairs to the dining-room. Strawberries, ice-cream and cakes, lying in profusion on the U-shaped table, the sight of which

would make even a dyspeptic's mouth water, molasses were served and detonated, and inside of three minutes, every head was covered. Wit and wisdom flowed copiously amidst merry peals of laughter and intervals of silence. Finally, cups of coffee, aromatic and steaming, were served by the trim, grinning waitresses under the direction of Misses Essie H. Spanton, Pauline Rosenthal and Annie Parmele, all of the Floor Committee. They were to be pitied, as they were bothered so much by the gentlemen of sentimental proclivities, and who attempted killing attitudes in order to lure the pretty girls to their sides and have a glorious time to themselves. The supper was sumptuous, and Mrs. E. J. Hard and Mrs. E. M. Boynton, the matron, have thanks to the number of ten thousand, from the "Merry-Makers" for their arduous labors in fitting such a table. Without those painstaking ladies, the whole reception would have been a dismal failure. The ball-room was again captured, and once more the dances were resumed until half-past eleven, closing the Second Annual Reception, the best and most ably managed affair that took place in the school.

The executive officers were at once overwhelmed with congratulations, as the guests were well aware that it was a herculean task for the young members to get up so large a party. The writer is sorry that he is unable to point out the members who worked so well for the party, as it is his business to put down the names of the guests who kindly traveled so many miles in order to enliven the party. Among the guests were Mr. Theo. K. Froehlich, the chief engineer of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund; E. Sonweine, the enterprising engraver, and also identified with the Fund; Lee W. Bailey, the rising artist; the above three are whilom graduates—Messrs. Adolph Pfeiffer, Charles Bothner, Joseph Yankner, James Orr, George A. August, and a host of other gentlemen; and Misses Ada B. Smith, Lizzie Brink, Maggie and Nettie Bothner, and a great many others whose names have slipped the writer's memory. Principal D. Greenberger, whose name is the synonym of articulation and lip-reading, seemed to be delighted to meet his old pupils.

Prof. D. L. Elmendorf, as usual, was there, and had a kindly interest in the club.

Among the teachers and officers present were Mr. F. W. Nuber, Dr. Oberdorfer, Misses Root, Smith, Parmele, Reamy, Summers, Webb and others. It is estimated that about one hundred and ten people attended the party. Happily, no petty thefts were committed on the guests' property. Leo Wasserman and Annie Parmele, who took care of the cloak rooms, deserve praise.

GIDDY GUSHER.

OHIO.

Mr. Ed. T. King, of the State Bindery, joined the Good Templars, as he says, "Eggs are cheaper than whiskey."

News comes from Tipp City, near Dayton, that the father of John G. Miller, who left the Ohio school two or three years ago, will depart for Europe with his son, John, to visit relatives. John did not want to go there, on account of the German language.

The mutes of Columbus society talk of going to have a picnic in Morgan Station, sixteen miles south of Columbus, on July 4th. Mr. P. P. Pratt and Mr. McGinnis were at Morgan's last Saturday on a visit.

Ask Will. King, of Columbus Buggy Co., how deep the water is in the canal at the end of town. He found out at the price of a new pair of buggy shafts.

Mr. Goldsmith, of Grove City, eight miles south of the Capital City, was seen in Columbus some days ago. Mr. Jackson Bat, an orphan, of New Holland, near Circleville, succeeded in finding employment at the shoe store near the Institution.

The Chronicle says, Samuel Prettyman visited his brother George, who lives with Kingy near Orient, which is a mistake. The writer met Mr. Alonzo Kingy, and he said: "George ran off from his uncle and came up to Orient and hunted in the neighborhood for work, but could not find it, and then he visited his brother, Daniel and remained three or four days, and Simon Kingy took him to Columbus. His age is about forty or forty-five years."

The Columbus Daily Times says:—Marion Snider, aged eighteen, and Ezra Coates, sixteen, escaped, somehow, from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum some time yesterday. They planned to get away Thursday night, but were foiled. It is suspected they went to Springfield.

Mr. Edwin Holyeros, of Dayton, is visiting friends in the city.

PETERMEISER.

New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes.

While all the pupils were in the dining room, eating their dinner last Saturday, Mr. Jenkins came in and told us that he wanted us to go to the chapel at one o'clock, because we would see the model of General George Washington's homestead at Mount Vernon. It is made of wood, covered with green cloth. It is very ornamental. When we entered the chapel, we were astonished to see it; we said we had never seen the like before. Ere we had been there long, Mr. Robert Yale came in, and explained to us about the model; Mr. Jenkins interpreting to us in signs and spelling what Mr. Yale said. Mr. Yale told Mr. Jenkins that he had traveled about 10,000 miles with his horse and

wagon over the United States. But ten thousand miles is a much greater distance than through the centre of the earth, which is only about eight thousand miles. He shows his model to the schools everywhere. He has no home, but he stays in a hotel or with his horse and wagon in a livery stable every night. He is a middle-aged man. He has a cane with many pictures and pieces of wood and stone, all of which are inlaid on the side of it. He showed the cane. The cane was made by Mr. R. Yale, and contains two hundred pieces. Below is the photograph of him with his cane in his hand. He earns money for himself by exhibiting his model and cane.

On Tuesday, May 10th, it was very pleasant and very warm. We were at liberty from the school all day, because Mr. Jenkins allowed us to go to P. T. Barnum's circus. All who could afford the money, bought tickets at the entrance of the circus in the evening or afternoon. We had a good time.

I received a letter from my friend. He will accompany his two friends, who are deaf, to my school, on the 29th of this month. I will be glad to see them.

Mr. Jenkins' son, Juny, is not in good health, he is sick in his bed-room with measles. Mr. Jenkins is carefully watching his son through the sickness.

The carpenter's shop has been supplied with tools and benches. A few boys work there. Mr. Jenkins will give some hammocks to the girls. The boys in the school made them for themselves. He is very generous, and is very kind to give the girls and boys money.

There is no sickness among the pupils.

Respectfully Yours,

M. C.

Southern Indiana.

The Evansville Sunday School for Deaf-Mutes, which is held in the Young Men's Christian Association building, closed on Sunday, May 15th, for the summer vacation, and having been duly notified, we had the pleasure to be present. Prof. Kerney opened the exercises with a prayer. Misses Macy, Stephens and Myers recited together some beautiful poems in a graceful manner that won the admiration of all present, and two very small children, six years old, recited the Lord's Prayer with an exactness and ease that struck the audience with wonder. Nearly all the pupils recited, and towards the close, Principal Kerney gave a lengthened address on "Habit," with its good and its evils, after which he closed with a prayer. The Sunday School will re-open next October.

There were some fifty mutes present, among whom we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Brizins, of Newburg, Ind.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Prof. Charles Kerney, and his assistant, Miss Emma Macy, for the energy and zeal with which they conducted their school.

In the afternoon a party assembled at the house of Miss Lizzie Rainig, and a good time was had. Adolph's humor and wit was of a very mild type on account of it being the Sabbath day. Still he came several times to the point of cracking off a good joke.

Prof. Kerney is uncertain as to what date his school will close. He thinks about the 29th of May, and the pupils will be given a picnic in the woods.

Miss Emma Macy will spend most of her time during the vacation at her home in Iowa.

Prof. Kerney intends to make a trip east, visiting Washington, D. C., New York and Boston, where he will try and secure methods for the advancement of his Sunday School.

ONCE IN A WHILE.

NOTICE.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will lecture on his trip to California for the benefit of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf Mutes, on Thursday, June 2d, at 8 P. M., in the Sunday School Room of St. Ann's Church. Deaf-mutes are invited to attend.

NOTICE.

TO THE PUBLIC:—All members of the National Association of Deaf-Mutes, subscribers to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, and every one of both sexes interested in the matter, are respectfully invited to meet at Lyric Hall, on Sixth Avenue, between 41st and 42d Sts., Saturday evening, at eight o'clock. The object is to discuss the advisability of requesting the Sub-Committee, who met in Washington, D. C., on 3d inst., to suspend all action on the contract awarded to Mr. D. French, the sculptor, to execute the Gallaudet Statue, and to pass certain resolutions to be submitted, in order to give deaf-mute artists sufficient time to submit plans or give satisfactory proof of ability to execute said statue. That advertisement in the JOURNAL of the 14th of April, for plans, etc., being published at so short a time, precluding the day appointed for the award, did not give sufficient time for the purpose.

Admission free.

Yours Respectfully,

W. A. BOND,

THOS. GODFREY.

—Adm.

Lecture.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will deliver a lecture on his "trip across the continent to California," in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, on Thursday evening, June 2d, for the benefit of the Home for Aged Deaf-Mutes. It is sincerely hoped that there will be a very large audience, which will demonstrate their reverence and love for him.

Yours truly,

ALBERT A. BARNES,
Sec'y and Treas.

FAN WOOD.

The "Alerts" on the Alert.

HOW THEY DEFEATED THE ST. LOUIS AND ROSEHILL NINES.

They lose a Game at Peekskill, but earn a good Reputation.

WILLING TO CANCEL A GAME TO ACCOMMODATE THE "BOODLES" ON DECORATION DAY.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

That the Alerts can play ball when they want to, has been proved by the showing they made in their last three games—two with amateur teams and one with professionals.

ST. LOUIS COLLEGE VS. ALERTS.

Last Saturday morning, they met the St. Louis College nine on the latter's grounds, and gave them the first defeat they have received this season. A large crowd was present, the grounds at 117th Street and 7th Avenue, being filled with interested spectators who vigorously applauded the Alerts, who knew nothing of the applause till after the game. The St. Louis had two semi-professionals in their nine, laying off regular college players to use Holiday and Hanlon, formerly of the New Bedford, but that did not help them to any great extent. Quigg came near meeting with a very serious accident. He was covering the home play to cut off a man from third base, when the two collided and Quigg was knocked off his feet and made a complete somersault ending with standing on his head, but he put the man out at the home plate just the same. Appended is the score.

ST. LOUIS COLLEGE.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Kelly, 2b.	2	1	3	1	1	
Fitch, 1b.	0	1	0	0	0	
W. Brophy, cf.	2	0	0	0	0	
O'Leary, c.	3	1	3	1	4	
Tolson, ss.	1	3	0	2	2	
Holiday, p.	1	3	0	0	0	
Hanlon, 1b.	0	1	5	0	1	
Brower, 3b.	1	0	2	0	0	
Scott, cf.	0	0	2	1	1	
Total	9	10	18	7	11	

ALERTS.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Koffler, cf.	4	4	0	0	1	
Russell, 3b.	2	3	1	2	2	
Durian, 1b.	1	4	0	0	2	
McVea, 2b.	0	3	4	2	1	
Gallagher, ss.	1	1	0	4	1	
McConnell, 1b.	4	1	6	1	2	
Quigg, c.	3	1	2	2	1	
Gately, p.	1	2	0	0	1	
Mull, rf.	1	2	0	0	1	
Total	18	22	21	11	11	

SCORE BY INNINGS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
St. Louis College	0	0	1	2	2	0	0	9
Alerts	1	3	7	5	2	0	1	19

Earned runs, Alerts, 3; St. Louis College, 2; Home Run, Brower; Three base hits, Russell; O'Leary and Holiday; Two base hits, Russell; 2; Koffler, Koffler, Kelly and O'Leary. Passed ball, Quigg 1, O'Leary 2; Struck out, by Gately 3, by Holiday 2. Umpire, George H. Peck. Scorer, R. B. Tweed.

ROSEHILLS VS. ALERTS.

After a short rest for lunch, the Alerts took train for St. John's College, Fordham, where they were scheduled for a game with the Rosehills. It was feared that the heat and fatigue of the morning game would prove a stumbling block to success in the afternoon, but the Alerts were on their mettle, and they certainly played in finer style than at any other time this season. Gately and Quigg again filled the points for the Alerts, and proved themselves steady and effective. The game was exciting throughout, the fielding being so sharp that few runs could be made.

Play was called at three o'clock with the Rosehills at the bat, but they were quickly retired with a blank, while the Alerts made one run. Both sides were blanked in the next inning, but in the third, the Rosehills went ahead with three runs secured by the muff of a fly by McConnell and a fumble of a grounder by Gallagher at short. In the fourth inning the Rosehills were blanked, and the Alerts tied the score with two runs. Both added a couple in the fifth, and then follow a nip and tuck struggle, so that the ninth inning opened with a tie score of 7 to 7. In their half the Rosehills were shut out by double plays of Gately, Durian, Gallagher and Russell. The Alerts then took the bat, determined to get a run. Koffler sent a hot grounder to right centre and secured a base. He staid there but a moment, when Durian's long drive to right field for a home run brought in Koffler and gave the Alerts two runs, and the game, none being out.

The features of the game were the fine work of Sweeney and Gillon and a difficult running catch of a foul by Russell, which drew great applause. The Alerts, except at left and short field, played a perfect game and honestly earned the victory they won.

Appended is the score:

ROSEHILLS JUNIORS.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Dorian, 1b.	2	1	4	0	0	
McQuaker, 3b.	3	2	1	0	1	
Gillon, c.	1	1	1	1	0	
Sweeney, p.	0	1	1	1	0	
Hearn, ss.	0	0	1	1	0	
Rowley, 2b.	0	1	2	0	0	
Orphan, cf.	0	1	1	1	1	
McCarlen, 1b.	1	2	0	0	0	
Quackenbush, rf.	1	1	0	0	1	
Total	7	9	24	11	4	

ALERTS.	R.	IB.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Koffler, cf.	1	1	1	0	0	
Russell, 3b.	1	2	4	1	0	
Durian, 1b.	3	1	11	0	1	
McVea, 2b.	1	1	4	1	0	
Gallagher, ss.	1	1	1	2	2	
McConnell, 1b.	0	1	1	0	2	
Quigg, c.	1	1	5	3	1	
Gately, p.	0	0	0	0	0	
Mull, rf.	0	0	0	0	0	
Total	9	10	27	13	6	

ALBANY NOTES.

SCORE BY INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Rosehill Juniors	0	0	3	0	2	0	0	0	7
Alerts	1	0	0	2	2	0	2	2	9

Earned runs, Alerts, 2; Rosehills 1; Stolen bases, Alerts 5, Rosehills 1; Home run, Durian; Three base hits, Russell and Durban; Two base hits, Koffler, Durian, Durban, McQuaker and Sweeney; Passed balls, Quigg 0, Gillon 1; Struck out by Sweeney 11, by Gately 1. *No one out when winning was made. Umpire, Rev. Father Pendergast. Scorer, R. B. Tweed. Time two hours.

CORLANDTS VS. ALERTS.

Friday evening, the management received a telegram from Peekskill inviting the Alerts to go there Monday, and guaranteeing part of gate receipts. Supposing the challenge to be from the Military Academy at that place the Alerts accepted. On Monday, through the kind permission of the Principal and Superintendent, the Alerts, with their manager, Mr. Thos. T. Fox, and Messrs. Geo. H. Peet and Fuller, started for Peekskill. Arriving at the grounds, they found a large audience waiting, and then for the first time found their opponents to be the professional Cortlandt Club, which formerly made quite a reputation as the Travis Club. The Alerts looked like little boys in comparison with the sturdy players of the Cortlandt, team, and felt no little trepidation, which told against them in the first inning. But as a whole, the boys played well, and managed to blank the Cortlandts three times, which is not a bad showing. The score was as follows:

CORTLANDTS.	R.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Broadie, c.	0	5	3	1	
Fros, p.	2	1	3	3	
Swain, cf.	3	1	0	0	
A. Broadie, 1b.	0	10	1	0	
Paulding, 2b.	1	2	0	1	
Lillis, 3b.	0	0	0	1	
Brown, ss.	2	0	4	0	
Gardner, rf.	2	2	0	1	
Bowman, 1b.	0	3	0	0	
Total	12	25	10	7	

ALERTS.	R.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Koffler, cf.	2	0	0	0	
Russell, 3b.	0	2	3	2	
Durian, 1b.	0	12	0	1	
McVea, 2b.	0	2	0	2	
Gallagher, ss.	1	4	2	1	
McConnell, 1b.	0	2	0	1	
Quigg, c.	0	3	0	2	
Gately, p.	1	2	2	2	
Mull, rf.	1	0	1	1	
Hanneman, rf.	1	1	0	2	
Total	6	26	9	15	

First base on called balls—Alerts, 2; Cortlandts, 5; Struck out, by Free, 11; by Gately, 1; 24 base hits, Swain, McVea. Total base hits, Alerts, 12; Cortlandts, 21. Umpire, Mr. George H. Peet. Time of game, 1 hour 45 minutes.

There are informed by the management of the Alerts that they will try and cancel the game with the Peersless on Decoration Day. So as to permit the Alerts and graduates to play. The match will be for a Spalding ball, and all the glory that either side can win.

Engineer Banks has invented an automatic fastener for a swinging lantern, which is placed on the side of the road opposite the Mansion House. It is a very simple and unique specimen of our engineer's ingenuity.

A party of girls, under the care of Mrs. Henry, were invited by the crew of the Ariel to go boating, last Saturday afternoon, and had a good time.

Eastern Indiana.

Edmond S. Leach went to the lake last week, for the purpose of enjoying fishing for a few days.

Mr. Russell, an ex-pupil of the Indiana Institution before the Civil War, and Miss Maggie Waggoner, have been licensed to wed. They live in Anderson, Ind.

The father of Charley Jackson was elected City Treasurer of Decatur, without any serious opposition.

It was rumored that William Street, of Sweetser, and Miss Laura Hollingsworth, of Fairmount, were licensed to be married, but the report is not true.

Amos French, Esq., was in Fort Wayne, Sunday of last week, having had a pleasant chat with Messrs. Heilbronner, Weller and Berghoff. He was there on business Monday.

George W. Butcher has secured employment in the hub and spoke factory at Fort Wayne. He is preparing to move his family out there this month.

David W. Woods sold his farm last month. He has bought another farm just across one township.

Mike Messersmith, of Francisco, Ind., has bought a good farm. He is an industrious and thrifty farmer. He came across the great ocean from his fatherland, Germany. He was honorably discharged at the Indiana Institution in 1872.

DETECTIVE FRANCAISE.

This anniversary of the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles occurs this year, on Sunday, May 29th. There will be a celebration of the Holy Communion on that day, at the 2:45 p.m. service for deaf-mutes, in St. Ann's Church.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for June is bright, attractive, and decidedly the best number for 1887. The fashions in both colored and black show the latest novelties, while the work pages give useful and attractive work. The steel plate entitled "Happy Days," is a real summer picture and carries us back to days when life was free from toil. The literary pages are full of the best matter, contributed by such authors as Marian C. L. Reeves, Mrs. S. A. Shields, Eleanor Moore Hiestand, Prof. Clarence M. Bontelle, Henry W. Austin, Tubor Ohl, etc., etc. W. E. Striker, Publisher, Philadelphia, Pa. Price, \$2.00 per year. Sample copy 15 cents.

ALBANY NOTES.

With the advance of summer comes, the news of the preparation of the pupils in the several schools for the final examination of the term. What a sweet memory it brings to those who were once in school of the hard work they underwent in the preparations to meet the questions that would be given them, and how they rejoiced when it was over. Now all is different, instead of being at liberty during the heated term, we are obliged to toil for our daily bread. Verily, we were not born for chances, but to work to the best of our ability to keep the wolf from the door, and lead honorable lives.

In our last letter we made some reference to the public buildings of this city. In this one we will try and put down an account of its commercial position. By glancing at the map of New York State, it will be observed that the geographical position of the city is centrally located as an outlet for the grain and lumber of the West. The city of New York receives three-fourths of its commerce from the Western States, and most of the products are carried thither through the Rhine of America.

The Law and Order League have stretched forth their hands to prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks on Sundays to a wide extent, and Albany comes under it. The saloons are all closed, and the shades and curtains that are down on other days, are drawn to notify the patrons they have complied with the law, but if a person longs for his beverage, he would have to pay a certain sum of money to be transported to some other town to get it, and the nearest town to reach is Troy, where the law is not in force.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain preached to a large congregation of mutes in St. Paul's Church, Sunday, according to his notice in the JOURNAL.

Myron R. Palmer is now setting type on the Albany City Directory, and reports time too short to see his many friends in Albany.

Charles Sparrow is working in a large shoe factory up here, and he reports business good.

Richard Sherwood, formerly one of Fanwood's best cabinet makers, is working at his trade of cigar making.

Philip Sharkey is boasting of his being a professional fish catcher. Will not some expert angler down in New York challenge him, to throw cold cream on his ambitions.

Henry Held has of late been feeling very sad, because he was promised a fine tabby, but Miss Tabby preferred a short life rather than to be kept in a close place, so she committed suicide by tumbling into a tub to water, on the very day Henry was to call for it. The solemn funeral took place Saturday night. Will not some one lighten his heart by giving him another?

We have not heard how the Troy mutes are pushing along their excursion project, so we are unable to say any thing about it.

If any one wants an idea of the heat up here, just let him sit in a room where the heat from the stove pushes the thermometer bulb up to ninety degrees.

More anon.

GENEROUS.

5-23-'87.

WANTED.

A deaf-mute shoemaker, first-class workman. One who can write good English preferred.

Address: MAYER REICH, 160 East 44th Street, 18-3in. New York.

Grand Excursion

IN AID OF THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.

UP THE HUDSON TO THE Home at Wappinger's Falls,

ON THE SALOON STEAMER LONG BRANCH,

Tuesday July 26, 1887.

TICKETS, 50 Cents each. Children, (Under ten years) 25 Cents each.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

Long Branch leaves foot East 23d Street, 8.15 a.m. sharp West 21st St., 9 a.m. sharp.

An occasion that, while having all the attractions of a first-class excursion, is, in the sail alone, worth double the money. No better opportunity could be offered to view the superb scenery along the "Rhine of America," by daylight, and very probably by moonlight. With this, all who attend will know they are doing a good turn, as the proceeds go to the current expenses of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

The "Long Branch" has been entirely rebuilt and renovated and re-decorated, and arrangements will be made to transform the grounds of the "Home" into a regular excursion resort, comprising all the attractions, viz: swings, shooting-gallery, photograph-gallery, rowboats, platform for dancing, etc., etc.

As to the musical arrangements, Prof. Sause's reputation is second to none in New York and Brooklyn, not alone among our deaf-mutes, but also the hearing community, which will guarantee this part of the programme will be of the very best.

Tickets now ready, and for the present can be obtained from any of the Committee. When arrangements are completed, they can be had of any deaf-mute living in New York City, Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Positively no deadheads allowed to cross the gangplanks, and no complimentary tickets given, but to the members of the Press.

Further particulars from time to time.

Committee.

JOHN P. O'BRIEN, Manager, CLARENCE B. THOMSON, Treasurer, ALBERT A. BARNES.

Geo. W. Welsh

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Watch Repairing and Jobbing of all kinds done on the premises.

EVERY ARTICLE WARRANTED.

NOTICE

To Graduates & Former Pupils

New York Institution

FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE D & D.

All persons at any time pupils in the Institution, are respectfully requested to send to us, at once, their names and residences, and the year in which they left or graduated from school; and, in the case of married women, their maiden name prior to marriage.

I. L. PEET, Principal.

C. N. BRAINERD, Supt.

ADDRESS: N. Y. Inst'n for the Deaf & Dumb

STATION M, NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION

FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF & DUMB.

The undersigned, offers for sale to DEAF-MUTES AND THEIR FRIENDS,

a large and fine picture of this Institution and surroundings, with portraits of the present principal and of the late principal.

DR. HARVEY P. PEET,

executed by H. P. Arms, a skillful deaf-mute lithographer of Philadelphia, in whose interest he has consented to act.

THE H. P. PEET MEMORIAL.

which the graduates of the New York Institution have so much at heart,

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by the sale of this picture, as a portion of the small amount asked for each copy, will go directly into the Treasury of this fund. The picture measures 27x35 inches.

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL ORDER a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tenth Hall, 108 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhling, President; Chas. E. Green, First Vice-President; S. B. Deane, Second Vice-President; Alex. Deane, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Miniham, Sergeant-at-Arms. His object is to improve moral, intellectual and social life among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex. Deane, No. 1608 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco. President, Moses I. Aronson; Vice-President, Thos. F. Finnegan; Secretary, Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck; Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, starting at 11 a.m. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Alex. H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, education and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge and vicinity. The officers are: President, A. W. Oront; Secretary, E. W. Price; and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 p.m., at the Central Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, for the present year, will hold its meetings at the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 39 West 15th Street. Regular meetings for ladies and gentlemen are held every Thursday evening at 8 p.m. for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are: William J. Collins, President; Thos. A. Smith, First Vice-President; Harrison Smith, Second Vice-President; James M. Wilkins, Secretary; James J. O'Brien, Treasurer; H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. A Sunday Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock